

Lights, Camera, Drama!

-Robin Williams

Out of the 800 students who auditioned for the Governor's School drama program, only fifty made the cut. The GSE drama department consists of the half of those fifty. No one is quite sure what exactly it takes to get into Governor's School for drama. A lot of talented students try out each year but don't make it. Indeed, you can ask anyone on campus; drama students have a lot to live up to. Notorious for being "loud and obnoxious," drama students play a noticeable role in campus life at Governor's School every year. Most would agree that this year's group has been nothing but the same.

Unfortunately, this year, the GSE drama department was not allowed to utilize the stage for performances. This means, under the guidelines of the St. Andrews staff, they could not build, paint, or adjust lights in the theater. These rules, therefore, precluded the use of the stage for a major production. Thus, guerrilla art sprung from the mind of director, Eric Johnson. "I was really upset we couldn't use the stage at first," says Johnson, "But then one day, while

I was patting my dog, it came to me!" Led mainly by the genius of assistant director Anna Ward (who was the backbone behind all performances), the drama kids, imitating the Dadaist movement, left the theater and started creating sight-specific pieces which were exhibited all over the campus.

Each drama student also directed a ten-minute scene which was then showcased in one of five Director's Discourses, most of which were performed on Mondays at 3:15. An exceptionally large audience was found at each of these shows, which helped add to the excitement surrounding the much anticipated eight-hour showcase of the arts on the 24th (known as Massfest).

The drama department kicked off the evening with an untitled, improvisational, interactive dinner theater piece which transformed the cafeteria into a secretive, illegal food speakeasy. Around 500 theatergoers were transformed into participants at the MEAL convention and quickly found themselves involved in the "illegal" food activities. Unfortunately, due to the in-

clement weather, the rest of Massfest was canceled Saturday night and moved to Tuesday.

Tuesday night at 8 o'clock, the drama department started the festivities with an introduction modeled after the characters from the futuristic show Allison? No doubt the dances would have also been lacking without the pure energy that flows from the minds and bodies of GSE drama students. Every Saturday night, drama kids are seen busting grooves in front of the crowd.

Yes, the twenty-five drama students have played a major role in GSE life. If you can find one walking around, they'll probably humbly say they came for the love of the theater. Most drama students won't admit they are here for one totally different reason—the worship of Hillary Weeks. The apotheosis of Hillary (who played the green bean fiend, Gretchen Mueller, (modified after her mother)) has been a major focus of the drama department.

The theater department's last performance will be the radio show broadcast Saturday morning at 8:10 before classes, as always.

Showtime at the Avinger

-Lani Golstab

On July 25th, Avinger Auditorium vaguely resembled the Star Search stage. That's because GSE was holding its 1999 talent show, sponsored by the Rec. Staff. The emcees for the night were Natalie Frith, Mark Darby, and Abby Johnson. The twenty-nine acts displayed a variety of talents including singing, dancing, acting, and playing instruments. Vocal selections ranged from the dramatic, Katrina Rose Dickerson's rendition of "Daddy's Son," to the light hearted, Tim Matson and John Bennett's version of "Kiss Me" complete with kazoo. Some students chose to debut their own compositions, such as Ryan Zimmerman's drum piece "FUBAR." Avinger even got a little messy when Joel, Odell, Brian and the Pretty Boys covered the auditorium with feathers and birdseed during their performance of "No Scrubs/No Pigeons." Judging from the thunderous applause and numerous standing ovations, the audience thoroughly enjoyed the showcase of talent. Could these GSE students be the stars of the future? English student Emily Glover says, "Most definitely! These GSE students shone brightly that night."

The Long Road Home

-Adam Shupe

Well, that's all folks. Time's up. Game over man. That day which has been whispered in hushed tones this week is finally arriving. Time to go back to our own beds, showers, family, and friends. Time to leave our safe haven from the terrors of public education. Time to return to our mundane lives. I imagine, no matter if you are 5 min or 5 hours away, the ride home will be long for all of us. But we shouldn't look at this as the end. It is more like the beginning of the rest of your lives. We have all been changed in some way by GSE.

And we can all take this experience with us. I challenge each and every one of you to attempt to change your high school in some way. If waves of Governor's School students crash at our high schools each year, maybe we can make a difference. I doubt that Saran Wrap will be added to the dress code, or that plastic foons will be available in the cafeteria, but it is worth a shot. If we just go home and conform to the fas-

cist ways of our own school systems once again, we are doing an injustice to Governor's School and to ourselves. Don't let this experience go to waste. Start a swing class. Have jam sessions in front of the school. Have your own Spirit Week every week. Hold a Chess or Ping-Pong tournament. Post stuff on walls, lockers, cars, and yourself, no

"We shall never cease from exploration and the end of our exploring will be to arrive where we started and know the place for the first time."

- T.S. Eliot

matter what it says. Create lots of guerrilla art. Dance, even if you don't know how. Mess with your hair. Spike it, dye it, shave it, whatever. Sing, even if it's only

songs from food commercials. And most important of all, keep in touch with your friends. Just because we are leaving doesn't mean we will never see each other again. Most of us are seniors and college is only a year or two away. And when you get there, the top students are going to be those you met here at Governor's School. Plus, next year we have the Reunion to help us catch up.

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The Dirt on GSE

-Kelly Keegan

I was a little disappointed on Saturday when rain forced the much-awaited Massfest to be postponed. Nevertheless, I was looking forward to spending a relaxing evening with my friends in the Wilmington lobby. So after drama's terrific and highly entertaining dinner performance, I accordingly headed over to Wilmington. Well, I was hanging out and talking in the lobby when suddenly a mud person ran in. He features being covered in mud, I was surprised that I could even tell she was smiling. And then I realized with a gasp who this mud person was. Yes, she was one of our own staff - Abby who CO-writes the advice column. What was she doing covered from head to toe with mud? I decided, however, to dismiss my curiosity for the moment. After all, strange things do seem to occur in Wilmington's lobby on a regular basis. But not five minutes later in walked Aaron, Abby's partner in crime - also covered in mud and grinning.

After the third mud person invaded the lobby, curiosity got the best of me. Camera in hand, I walked out into the rainy night. I heard a lot of noise coming from the grass to the side of Orange, so I headed in that direction. I met Dr. Milner walking the other way and he said, "Watch out! It's dangerous over there!" with a nod toward the grass. I thanked him for the warning and continued walking...wait a minute - had my eyes mistaken, or was Dr. Milner's shirt bespattered with mud? Naw...

I had originally thought to just be a spectator in the great mud sliding games, but sounds of laughter and cheering drew me on and I found myself taking off my shoes and socks and setting my camera aside. There must be a part of a person that does not leave with the end of childhood, and this would explain why I found an irresistible attraction to the mud pit. I went to join the muddy revelers.

The scene that met my eyes convinced me that the rain had not drowned the spirit of Massfest out. Hordes of indistinguishable people were making mud-pies, wrestling, and generally having a good time. Certainly no one hesitated to initiate

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Slice of Wry

When asked to write my farewell column for the final edition of *The Bridge*, I was struck with a feeling of bittersweet parting, of leaving behind the haven we have established for ourselves and returning to our comparatively dull environments, knowing that all good things must come to an end. The process of readjustment is painful but necessary.

At such a time of conflicting emotions, I am reminded of the closing scene of one of my favorite movies, *The Way We Were*, with Barbra Streisand and Robert Redford. Several years after the break-up of their passionate romance, they reunite by chance of a crowded New York sidewalk. Both have moved on with their lives and found love with other people, but before they continue on their way, they seem to recall the happiness they once shared. Let us take a few moments to reminisce on the highlights of our adventure together, in a list much like the original "Slice of Wry":

1. Awkward silences, and futile efforts to fill them with overused questions
2. Cafeteria meals, and the perilous game of name-tag swapping, sometimes at the risk of being accosted by a snappish worker
3. The geese, and "tiptoeing through the dried goose dung strewn on the causeway off the west side of Wilmington..." (dedicated to all the GSE Ani DiFranco diehards)
4. The library, and usurping their computers when the computer lab was full, only to perform the sinful act of...e-mail!
5. The pre-breakfast jogs, and the constant pleading, "How long can it take to get around this campus?!"
6. The nightly conversations in the dorm of choice, always followed by the "midnight stampede" to get back before curfew
7. And afterwards, the dorm conversations, and the frantic steps to get back to the room before the familiar "tap, tap, tap" of the counselor
8. The talent show, and the fine feathery performance of "No Pigeons," outdone only by the girls' chants of "No scrubs!"
9. The art studio, and the lazy afternoon gatherings, making mellow masterpieces with Erykah Badu providing the ambiance
10. Yoga, and the impossible task of finding our karma while doing "Spitting Cobra" and "Downward Dog" on a patch of jagged concrete
11. The computer lab, and the art of looming behind the current users and reading their e-mails until they reach "the breaking point"
12. The masquerade ball, and the surreal juxtaposition of *Pulp Fiction's*

Mia Wallace, *Grease's* Danny Zuko, and Jessica Hoffert's Frieda Wilson

13. Rigorous *Wizard of Oz* rehearsals, and Grandon's booming outbursts of "People! Work with me here!"
14. The loathed sign-out books gracing the corners of Mecklenburg and Concord, and the two words that accompany any failure to sign back in...early curfew!
15. SGA election campaigns, and the sad realization that half-naked bodies plus chocolate syrup don't always equal victory. What went wrong?
16. Mind journeys in Avinger, and the surprisingly sleep-inducing conditions of clunky metallic chairs and a persistent chill
17. Fourth of July festivities, and the practicality of the cafeteria workers to drench the unused fried chicken in barbecue sauce the next day
18. Rumors, i.e. the popular, "Do you know who was caught making out in the Nucleus?," and the wildfire speed with which they fly
19. Assemblies in Avinger, and the two most tantalizing options other than paying attention: a) rotating in an owl-like manner to search for friends in the darkness, or b) taking advantage of the aforementioned sleeping conditions
20. And most recently, Massfest, and attempting Tantric lovemaking positions as we writhed on layers of ketchup and mustard

A little comic relief never hurts in the midst of a dismal situation. Now, like Barbra, as she brushes the stray hairs off Robert's forehead and levels her knowing eyes with his, we realize we must continue leading separate lives. The teachers we have taken may never be equaled, the friends we have made may never be encountered again, and the experiences we have absorbed may never be recreated. GSE is not our home.

The only comfort to be found is in the memories, the pure and untainted remembrances. Retrospect has a way of altering and even romanticizing the past. I urge us to remember the full spectrum of emotions each day brought, from the painful lessons, uncertainty, and utter confusion, to the unbridled curiosity, freedom, and laughter, something I hope I have encouraged with my column. As Barbra and Robert remove themselves from their final embrace, the theme song swells to an uplifting prospect: "It's the laughter we will remember whenever we remember the way we were."

Farewell for now,

Robert

Ode to Nostalgia

-Anthony Palermo

Ludwig von Beethoven once composed a piece that entranced artists and music supporters throughout Europe and sings to today's musical appreciators. This wonderfully haunting opus is titled "Für Elise." Elise was Beethoven's only love. This composition was a symbol for his longing for her. The music captures me because of its universal application in the modern world. An example of exceptionally captivating music such as this may be used to express any number of feelings. Therefore, I dedicate this performance, my literary performance of "Für Elise" to friendship and love. This, as a GSE student, is my last will and testament. These are my wishes for you:

To my friends from home, I bestow eternal nostalgia and beloved memories.

To all the incredible people I have come to acquaintance with here at

Governor's School East, I leave daily thoughts of, "I wonder what they're doing now..."

To all of those with whom I did not converse, I offer thoughts of, "I wonder what I would be like if..."

To the Instrumental Music students, I give luck and God speed in all of your endeavors.

To the staff of GSE, I leave the hope of further excursions into the minds and hearts of ourselves and future students.

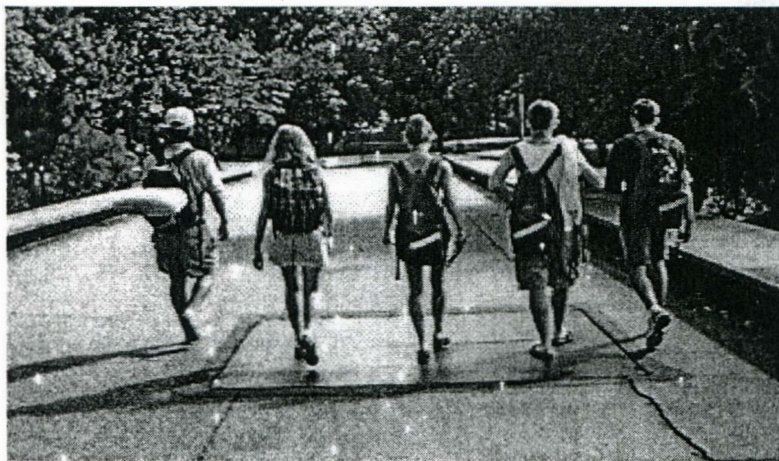
To Alyssa, Kate, Kate, and Jacob, I leave health.

To Elizabeth, I give hope.

To Abby, Warren, Brian, Sean, and John, I offer unconditional love.

To Kathryn, I give immortal friendship.

Finally, to all at Governor's School East, 1999, I give thanks.



Fast Facts

-Dustin Joyce

Well, I guess this is it, my last column for *The Bridge*. Here goes:

- Ø The very first public demonstration of color television was done on 9 January 1941. Other interesting events that took place on 9 January—Connecticut became a state 9 January 1789; births: Richard Nixon, Muggsy Bogues, Daniel Boone's wife, Joan Baez, me.
- Ø I find Switzerland to be an interesting country, particularly when it comes to beliefs. For example, you may walk into a normal magazine store, but yet see magazines with topless women *on the covers* just out in the open. However, the last canton (a Swiss political sub-division similar to a state) to grant women the right to vote didn't do so until 1990.
- Ø For the math students, numbers—well, really, just one. Believe it or not, I know Euler's number, 2.718281828459045. You can ap-

- plaud now, or just laugh hysterically if I got it wrong.
- Ø Okay, you know I have to mention something about Charlotte, since I'm obsessed with it—the signs on Ericsson Stadium are the largest in the central business district, and will continue to be so, seeing as how zoning laws forbid signs larger.
- Ø Europeans in the Middle Ages had a time system in which the hours of the day were of various lengths throughout the year. They also believed that the southern seas boiled.
- Ø The Greek national anthem has fifty-eight verses.
- Ø _____ Fill in the blank. I'm too tired to come up with another fact.
- Ø I almost didn't come to Governor's School.
- Ø I'm really glad that I did. Thanks a lot for making it the great time that it was! So, until later, good bye, good luck, and keep in touch!

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So, stop worrying about when its going to end and start thinking about how you are going to finish it. Write that last poem or story. Compose that piece of music that's been in your head. Finish that painting, complete that monologue, or work out that cryptology code. Apologize to a friend, talk to anyone you haven't met, and tell that special someone, "I love you." Make these last days the best of all. I wish you all the best, and may our paths cross again.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank *The Bridge* staff. It has been a pleasure to work with these mature :) students over the course of the past six weeks. The most enjoyable part of my Governor's School experience has been interacting with these very special students. We all gain - either positively or negatively - from each contact made throughout life's journey...I have positively gained very much this summer.

Thank you for a wonderful job,
(Thanks to Chinese fortune cookies you know what to add...)
Jamie

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me in the practice of getting dirty and enjoying it. Even though I am not someone who normally likes to get dirty, of fun to get big muddy hugs and participate in the mudslinging fights. When the last vestige of white on my shirt was gone, I felt as if I had finally arrived. Now I could understand the huge smiles of the mud people in the Wilmington lobby.

Finally, it was time to leave the big happy mud person family. As if coming full circle I arrived back in Wilmington. Somehow, I felt sorry for the unenlightened clean people in the lobby who were gibing me strange looks. I had to resist the urge to hug several of them and spread the joy of being muddy. A scant hour before I had been one of the clean ones. But that Saturday night, I had an epiphany. Mud is fun! And even when the planned events were canceled for the night, GSE students still had the imagination to find something great to do.

Later, looking at my muddy face in the mirror, I felt saddened by the prospect of taking a shower and washing off the visible proof of my realization. "This," I said to myself, "is what guerrilla art is all about."

Math Contest Results

Thirteen mathematics and natural science students took the sixth math contest. The top scores follow.

Michael Parsons (Math)	5
Patrick Barry (Math)	4
Ken Chu (Science)	4
Shane Farkas (Math)	3
Wonha Kim (Math)	3
Elizabeth Morgan (Math)	3
Jonny Waldes (Math)	3

Top five contestants for 1999 are:

Patrick Barry (Math)	30
Ken Chu (Natural Science)	29
Michael Parsons (Math)	26
Shane Farkas (Math)	21
Jonny Waldes (Math)	19

The first three place finishers will receive plaques and the 4th and 5th place finishers will receive certificates on July 31 to commemorate their achievements. Congratulations!

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Thank You

-Collin Lee

Thank you
to all whom I met
whom I know
whom I will remember eternally.

Thank you
for your generosity
for your kindness
for your time.

Thank you
for three fortnights
for three wondrous fortnights that
should be everlasting.

Thank you
for accepting and listening to me,
for letting me listen to you.

Thank you
for encouraging me
for letting me be who I am.

Thank you
for an awesome English class
for my heightened appreciation of the
females near me.

Thank you
for Concord Lobby, and
for Mecklenburg Lobby.

Thank you
for the card games for the walks up
and down St. Andrews.

Thank you
for the Colby & Monterey Jack cheese
and
for Papa John's Pizza and Fong's Take
Out.

Thank you
for the talent shows and musical
concerts
for the outlets for my writings and
myself.

Thank you
for the phone calls, and
for the mealtime conversations.

Thank you
for a church in which I finally felt
comfortable
for friendships that I will never let die.

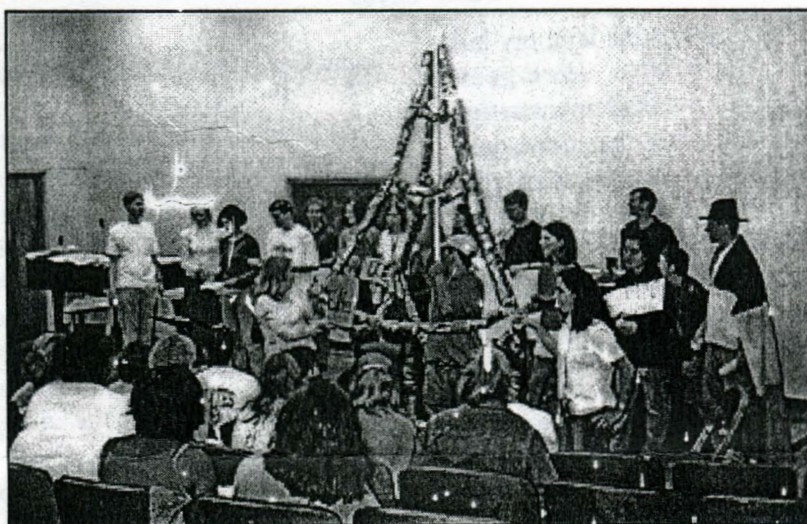
Thank you
for all the hellos and smiles
for the emails and Instant Messages.

Thank you
for the dances
for dancing, my unparalleled libera-
tion.

Thank you
for your generosity
for your kindness
for your time.

Thank
you
all,
I say as we disembark from our
journey.

And, thank you, God,
for three intimately meaningful letters:
G
S
E.



C'est la vie!

Thank you to EVERYONE on The Bridge staff for helping put out some great issues. Thank you to Jonny Waldes for the exceptional photography. Special thanks to Michael Parsons for

making eight hour layouts only four! Thanks to Anthony Palermo for his layout help, too, and thanks to Melinda who needs to come back. A big thanks to Jamie for his guidance. Never again will

putting together a paper be so funny!!!

Thanks for everything,

Kate and Kathryn

P.S. Our paper is better than GSW's. (Their director said so!)